WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

18p
IR-30p
(Inc. VAT)

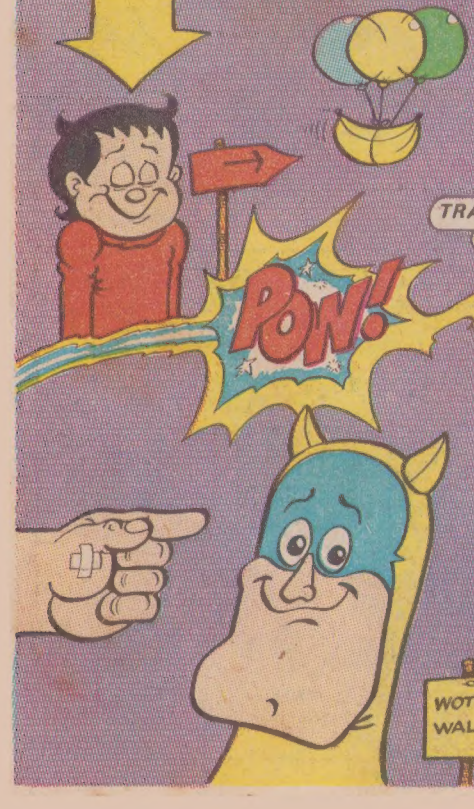
EVERY SATURDAY No. 238 Sept. 1st, 1984

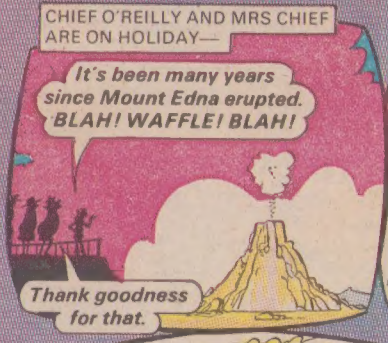
THE COMIC WITH

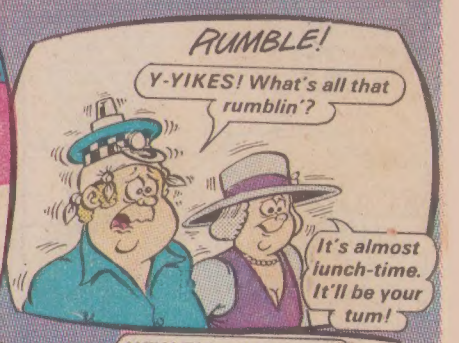
BANANAMAN

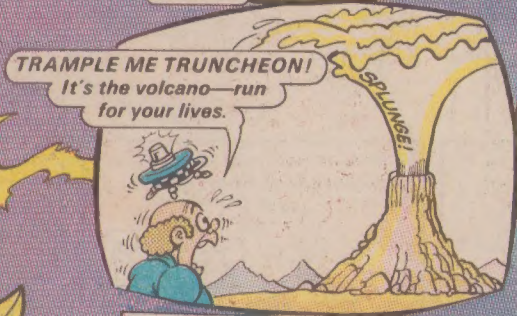
YOUR TV STAR

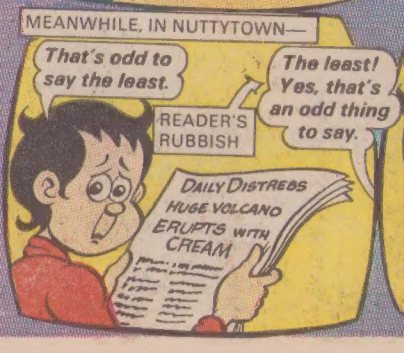
When ordinary schoolboy, little Eric, eats a banana, he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN




CHIEF O'REILLY AND MRS CHIEF ARE ON HOLIDAY—
It's been many years since Mount Edna erupted. BLAH! WAFFLE! BLAH!
Thank goodness for that.

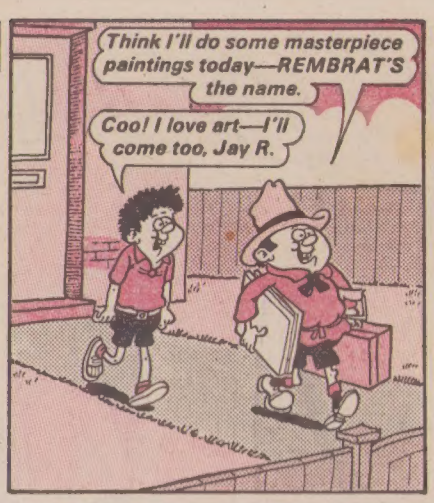


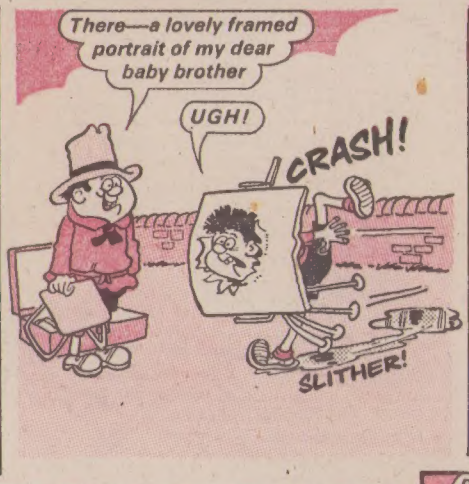


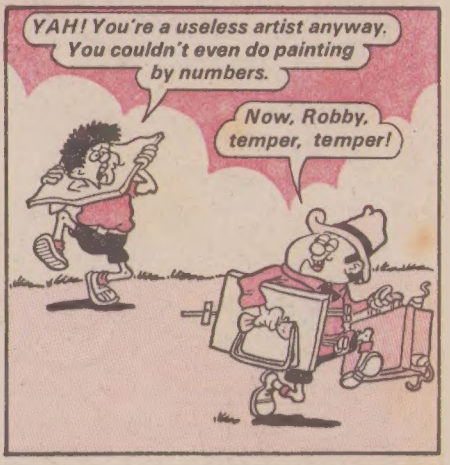

MEANWHILE, IN NUTTYTOWN—
That's odd to say the least.
READER'S RUBBISH
The least! Yes, that's an odd thing to say.
DAILY DISTREBS
HUGE VOLCANO ERUPTS WITH CREAM

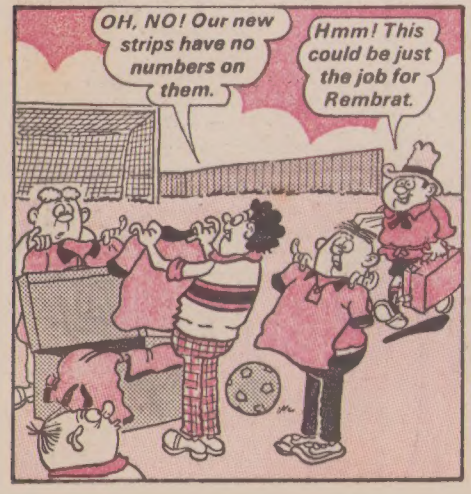
JAY R. HOOD

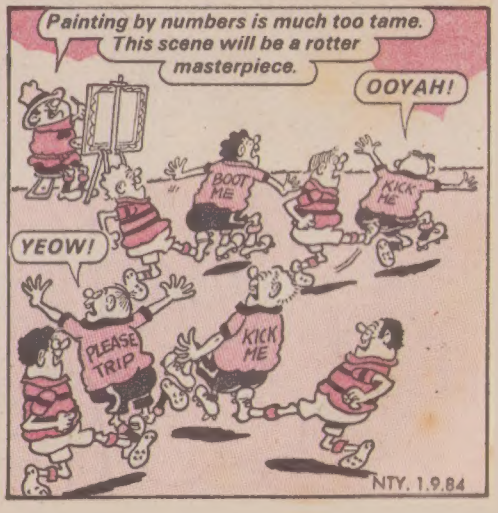
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!







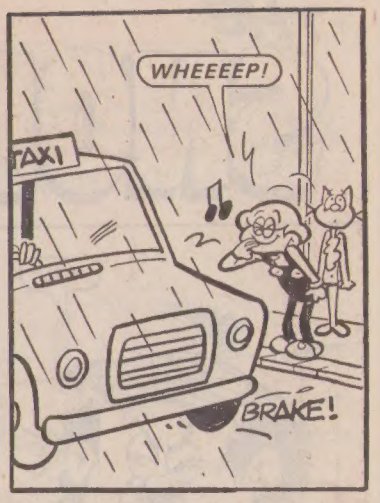




PETER Pest

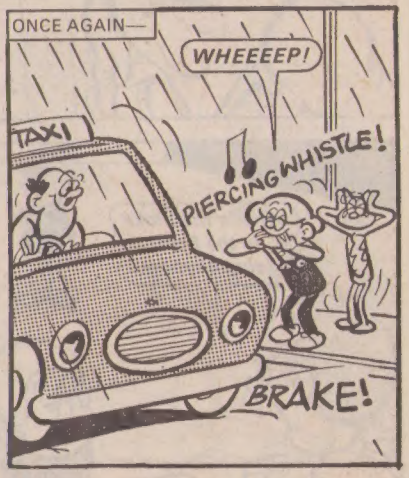
MITZI HAIRDRESSERS
I've gotta wait on pesky Doris 'cos she has the bus fares home.

It's raining! I don't want my new hair-do all sopping.
PERMS
Fear not, Sis!


WHEEEEP!
TAXI
BRAKE!

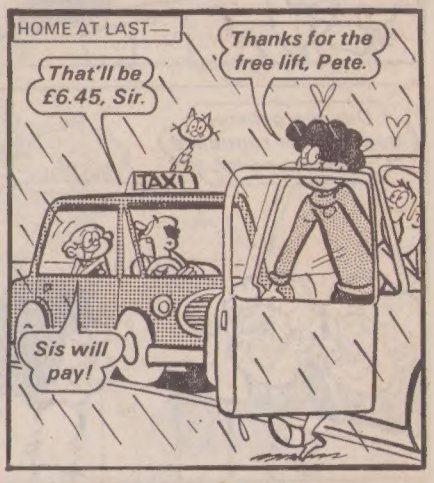
TAXI
Where to, Miss?
Wow! This driver is a dish!

HOI! What about us?
You can take me home, please.
SLAM!

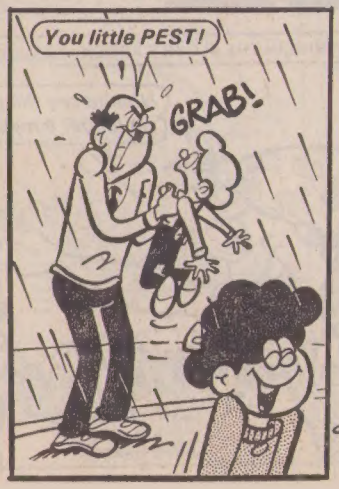

ONCE AGAIN—
WHEEEEP!
TAXI
PIERCING WHISTLE!
BRAKE!

Follow that cab, Driver!
SLAM!

THIRD TIME ROUND THE TOWN CENTRE—
TOWN CENTRE
Yatter! Natter! Gossip! Giggle! Whisper!
TAXI


HOME AT LAST—
That'll be £6.45, Sir.
Thanks for the free lift, Pete.
TAXI
Sis will pay!

Er—I can't pay all that.
So!
NTY. 1.9.84


You little PEST!
GRAB!

Let me give you a TIP!
TOSS!
OUCHA!
THUD!

Peter's found out raining buckets is safer than HAILING TAXIS! Hee! Hee!
BAH!

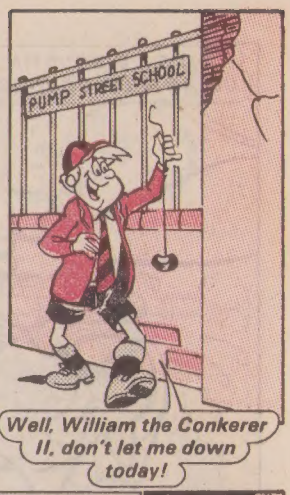
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

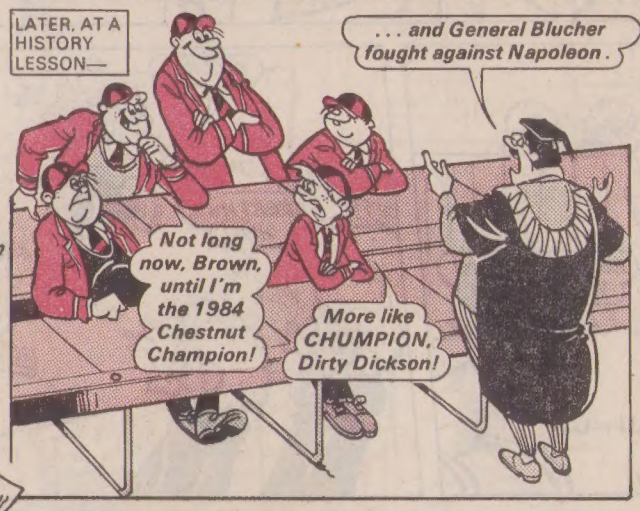
HOI!
That hurt, Matey!
FROB!
Thought you lot liked CHIPS! Heh! Heh!
What's the bloke in the frock doing anyhow?
He's a sculptor! We have commissioned some high class garden gnomes.
Nowt wrong with our old fashioned gnome.
What a sight! He'll most likely get a telegram from the Queen next birthday.
Our new gnomes are computer controlled —very superior.
The fishing gnome can actually catch fish!
Don't tell us—they go inside when it rains—just like softie Snobbs!
Huh! You are jealous!
MEANWHILE, IN THE SLOBB GARDEN—
Nice to see the garden is no longer a mess, Pa . . .
Simper!
NTY. 1.9.84

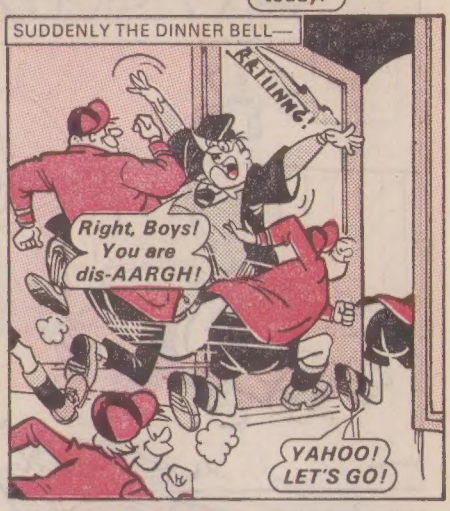
. . . IT'S A DISGUSTIN' SLAG HEAP! CLEAN IT UP, POULTICE FEATURES!
Yes, Dear!
Whisper . . . come round, Reg— there's some fine old iron lying about . . . should be worth a few quid.
SHORTLY—
Gosh! Look at that—the Slobbs have a computerised gnome as well!
OLD CAVIAR CAN
Rotten copy cats! What a nerve!
SNARL!
EEEK! He's alive!
'Course he is! This is me Uncle Reg, the scrap merchant!
ROAR!
Reg may be little but the only thing bigger than his scrap lorry is . . .
. . . HIS TEMPER! Cackle! Cackle!
Oo-er!
I'll teach 'em Snobbs! Gnash! Snarl!
That's our Reg!
NTY. 1.9.84
TRAITORS! DESERTERS! COME BACK!
Check this—their gnomes are so posh they won't live in that mess!

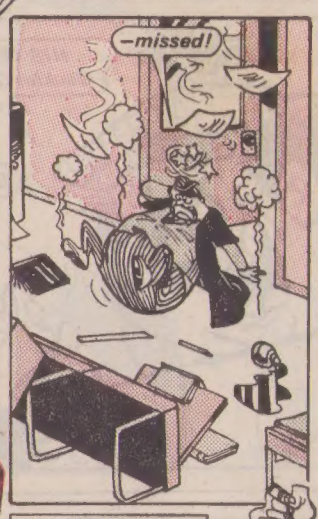
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

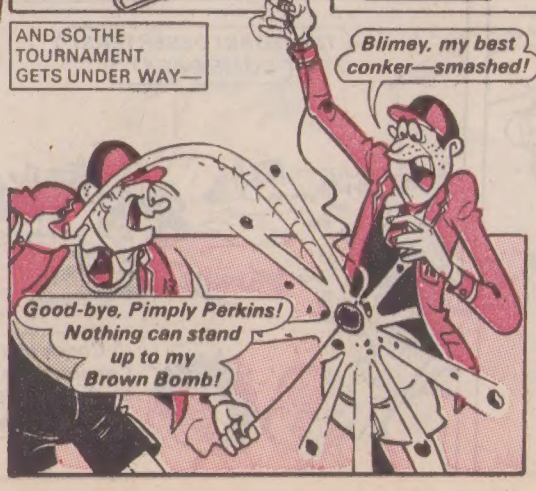
IF YOU REMEMBER, READERS, LAST WEEK, RON FOUND HIMSELF A NEW CONKER, TO COMPETE IN THE PUMP STREET SCHOOL CHESTNUT CHAMPIONSHIPS—TODAY'S THE BIG DAY!
This is a beauty!
It's passed the coconut-smashing test! YIPPEE!

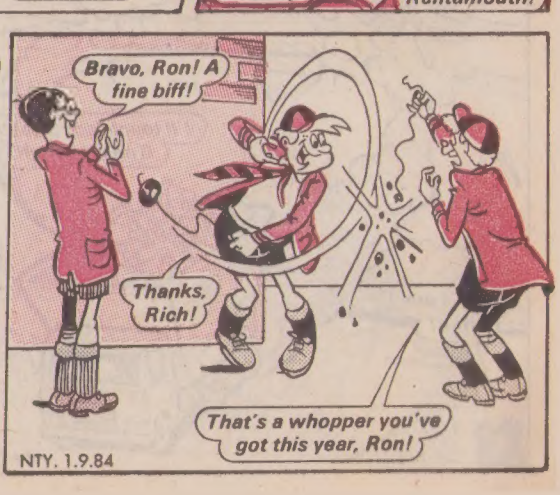



LATER, AT A HISTORY LESSON—
. . . and General Blucher fought against Napoleon.
Not long now, Brown, until I'm the 1984 Chestnut Champion!
More like CHUMPION, Dirty Dickson!



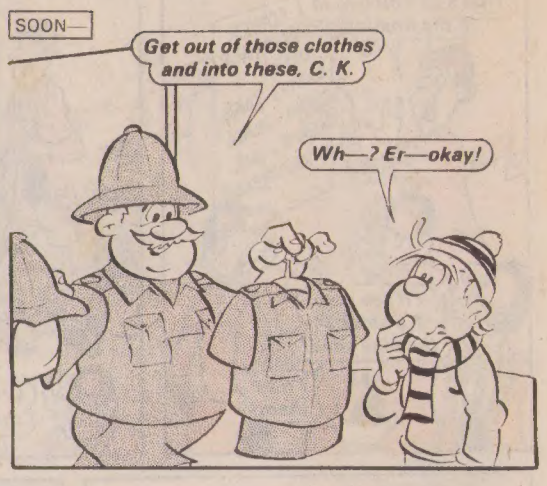


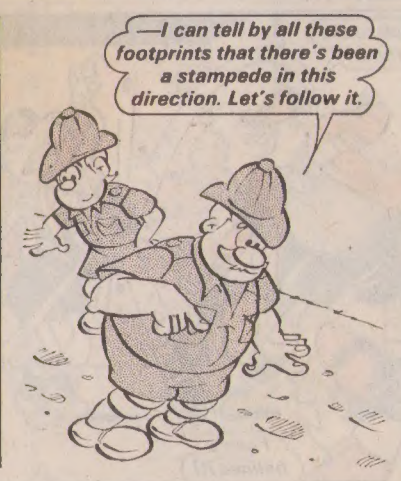

AND SO THE TOURNAMENT GETS UNDER WAY—
Blimey, my best conker—smashed!
Good-bye, Pimply Perkins! Nothing can stand up to my Brown Bomb!

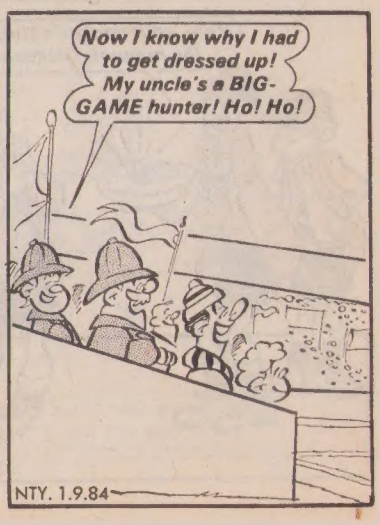


That's it! You two in the final!
CONKER CHAMPIONSHIP DRAW.
BROWN v JONES
SEAR v BLACK
GRAY v HILL
DICKSON v PERKINS
I'll see you, 4 o'clock at the bike shed!
I'll be there!
What are we getting this afternoon, sir— FIRST-AID?
Muffle-muffle!
DRRRIIIING!
That's better, Boys! That's how to leave class!
AAGH!
Nothing like going for a spin after school, sir!
HA! HA!
I want a good contest. Two cracks, two splits or a disintegration will decide the winner. Brown won the toss, he gets first hit!
Blimey! His conker didn't move!
Heh-heh!
CRACK
WOW!
First split to Dickson!
BOO! BOO!
Match to me I think!
SHATTER!
I can't believe it!
It gives me great pleasure to present this super silver magnet . . .
Here, that's funny. what's going on there?
Here, your conker's stuck to the magnet, Dickson!
Oo-er, time I was going, I think!
NTY. 1.9.84
Dickson has cheated! He used a steel marble as a conker! I declare Ron Brown the winner!
GRAB HIM!
HELP!
That'll teach Dickson! But he's still in the RUNNING, eh?

Cannonball Kid







Horace Cope

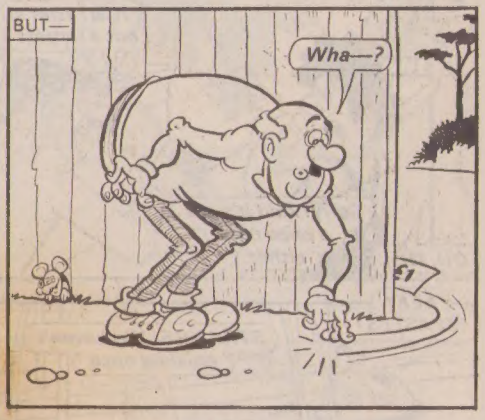
Ah, welcome, Madam. Cross my palm with silver to hear of your future.

TCH! She can't see if I'm a man or a woman, never mind seeing my future—But I'll give her a try anyway.

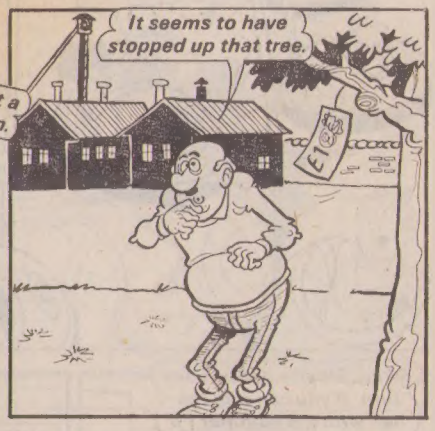
OUTSIDE—
You will have some money trouble, then you will be overcome by a tall, dark stranger.
Oh-oh! Gran's making a prediction. Sounds like trouble!

I'll have to lead him a merry dance, Readers.
1
£1

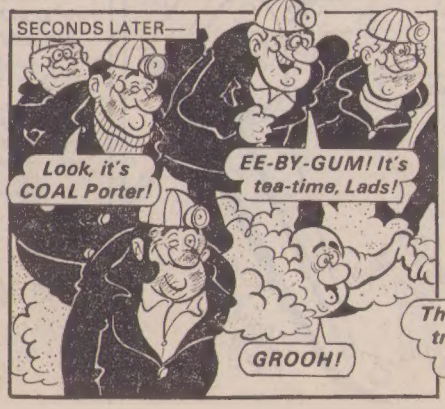
SOON—
COO! A pound note! And the fortune-teller said I'd have money trouble—What a fool!
£1

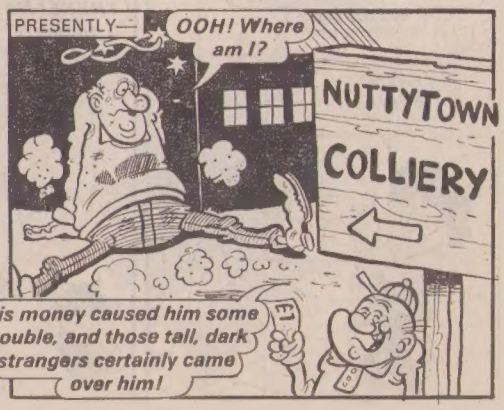

BUT—
Wha—?
£1

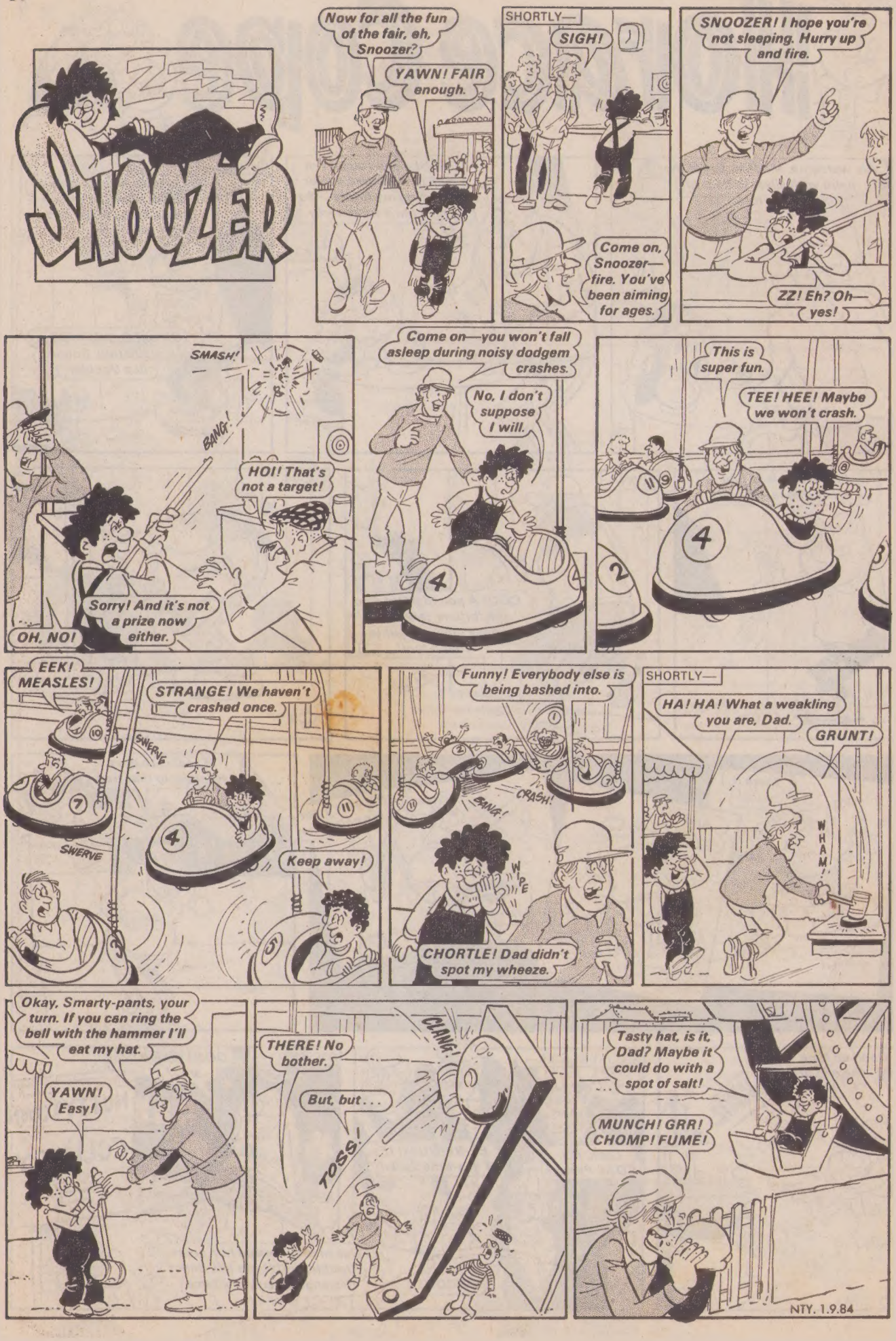
There it goes!
£1
And again!
£1
POOH! It's got a mind of its own.
RUBBISH TIP
(VERY SMELLY)
£1


It seems to have stopped up that tree.
£1

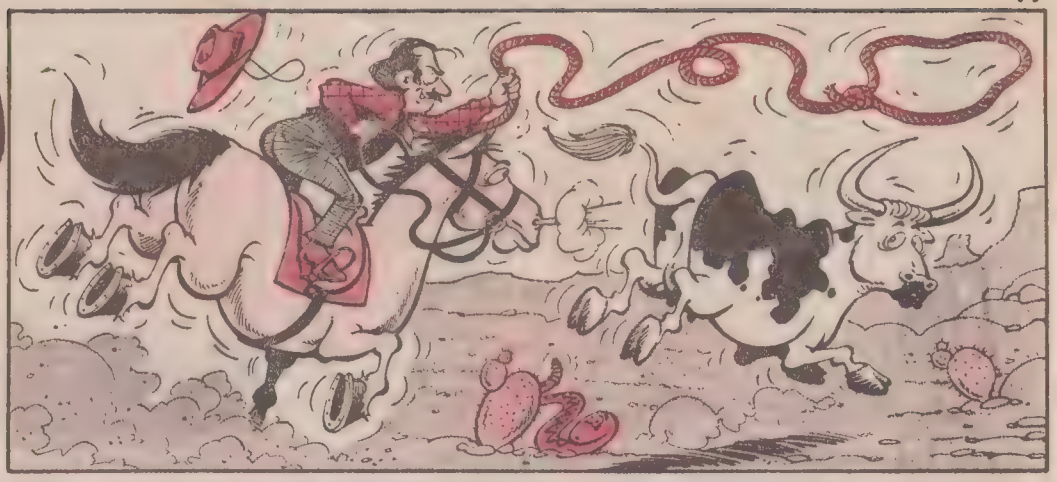
Dead on time. That's the end of the shift!
WAIL
NTY. 1.9.84

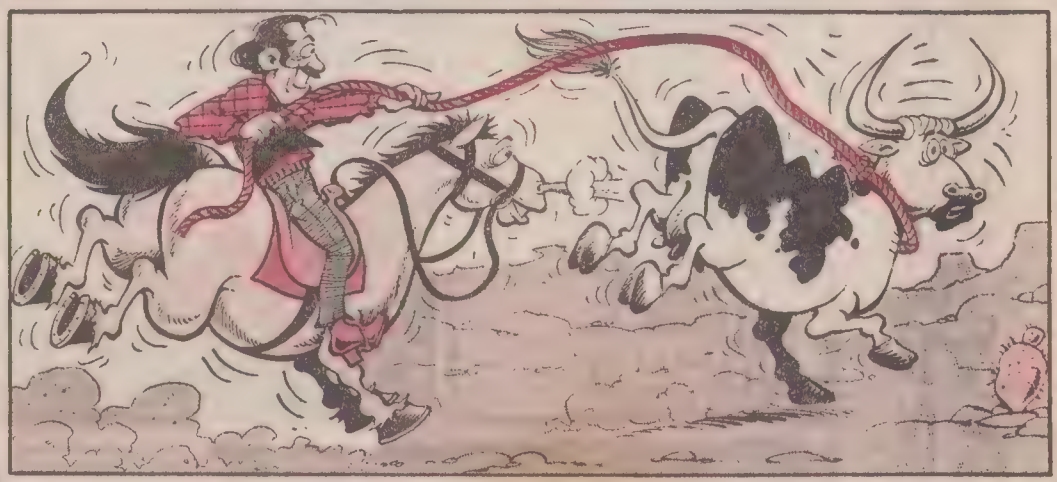

SECONDS LATER—
Look, it's COAL Porter!
EE-BY-GUM! It's tea-time, Lads!
GROOH!

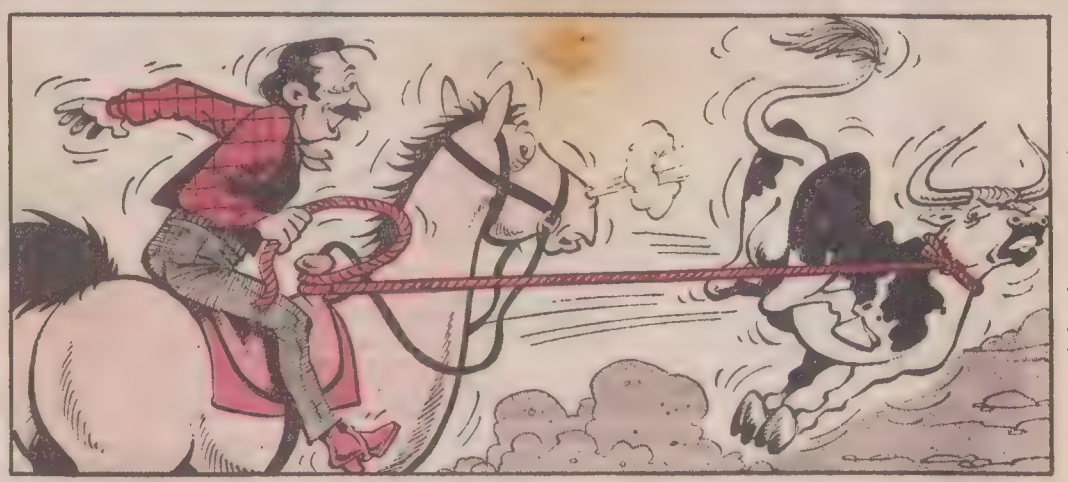

PRESENTLY—
OOH! Where am I?
NUTTYTOWN
COLLIERY
£1
This money caused him some trouble, and those tall, dark strangers certainly came over him!

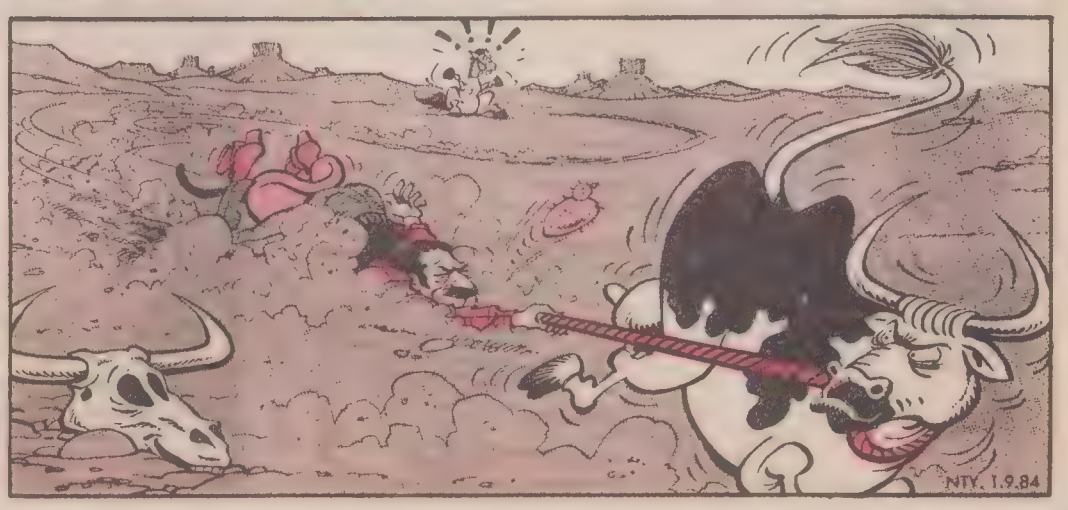

ZZZZ
SNOOZER
Now for all the fun of the fair, eh, Snoozer?
YAWN! FAIR enough.
SHORTLY—
SIGH!
Come on, Snoozer—fire. You've been aiming for ages.
SNOOZER! I hope you're not sleeping. Hurry up and fire.
ZZ! Eh? Oh—yes!
SMASH!
BANG!
HOI! That's not a target!
Sorry! And it's not a prize now either.
OH, NO!
Come on—you won't fall asleep during noisy dodgem crashes.
No, I don't suppose I will.
This is super fun.
TEE! HEE! Maybe we won't crash.
EEK! MEASLES!
STRANGE! We haven't crashed once.
SWERVE
SWERVE
Keep away!
Funny! Everybody else is being bashed into.
BANG!
CRASH!
WIPE
CHORTLE! Dad didn't spot my wheeze.
SHORTLY—
HA! HA! What a weakling you are, Dad.
GRUNT!
WHAM!
Okay, Smarty-pants, your turn. If you can ring the bell with the hammer I'll eat my hat.
YAWN! Easy!
THERE! No bother.
But, but . . .
CLANG!
TOSS!
Tasty hat, is it, Dad? Maybe it could do with a spot of salt!
MUNCH! GRR! CHOMP! FUME!
NTY. 1.9.84

NUTTY TALES









BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

FAZZOOM!

I'll soon get to the bottom of this or my name isn't . . .

. . . GLUB!

Glub? That's a nice name.

OOF! I'm covered in thick cream—it's made me too heavy to fly.

However, I shall continue, despite that little setback.

Um, well I would. Except for one thing . . .

. . . The sun's hardened the cream—I can't move!

OTHER ODD THINGS ARE HAPPENING TOO -

WOW! CREAM TEES!

CRIKEY! I must be creaming, I mean dreaming.

WOW! CREAM instead of petrol—somebody's makin' a FUEL of me.

SPLAT!

CAR WASH

GULP! I thought my car would be steam cleaned, not cream cleaned.

MEANWHILE—

My plan to clog up the world with my cream spreader is working, General.

Excellent.

See—already Bananaman is out of action.

Oh, goody!

Now nothing can stop me ruling the world!

YABADABADOO!

I'll put the machine on to high speed and the world will be ours all the quicker.

MINE, you mean, Serf!

CACKLE! THERE SHE BLOWS!

SOON

SPLUTTER! It's working, it's working!

WITHIN MINUTES -

I've got to hand it to me, Cream—that idea of mine was brilliant.

But, General, I thought . . .

. . . Then DON'T think, Twit!

SMACK!

OUCH!

Now hear this! This is General Blight, the supreme ruler of all the Earth and other places.

Anyone who doesn't obey me will be forced to listen to Val Doonican records.

GROOGH! What's Bananaman going to do about this?

NTY. 1.9.84

WHAT IS OUR HEROIC HUNK GOING TO DO? AND DO YOU CARE? TUNE IN TO NEXT WEEK'S GRIPPING EPISODE

WOOPS-A-DAISY

I hope Daisy behaves on our picnic in the country today.

SCREAM! What a face!

She seems to be just now anyway.

That's what they think!

SOON—

I wanna go into this field to collect shells.

SHELLS! HO! HO! You only get them at the beach, Daisy.

SHRIEK! NO—you can't go in there, Daisy.

ARMY FIRING RANGE DANGER!

But there's plenty shells in here—real whoppers!

I'll find us the perfect picnic spot—don't worry.

PHEW! With her around we always worry.

GURGLE! GURGLE! SPLASH!

Listen! Daisy must've found a nice spot beside a babbling brook.

BUT—

YAHOO! This is a great field with its own paddlin' pool.

DAISY! Stop HORSING about.

SPLOSH!

EVENTUALLY—

I'll make a nice Daisy chain while you get the picnic ready.

Jolly good. Daisy.

CLANG! CRASH!

WHASSAT?

CLATTER! CLANG! CLUNG!

I found lots of old junk for my DAISY chain.

DAISY!!!

Good girl—you've collected up all that old junk off my land. You're an angel.

I am?

She is?

As a treat you can play with my animals. How about the nice tuck-tucks or the woolly lambs . . .

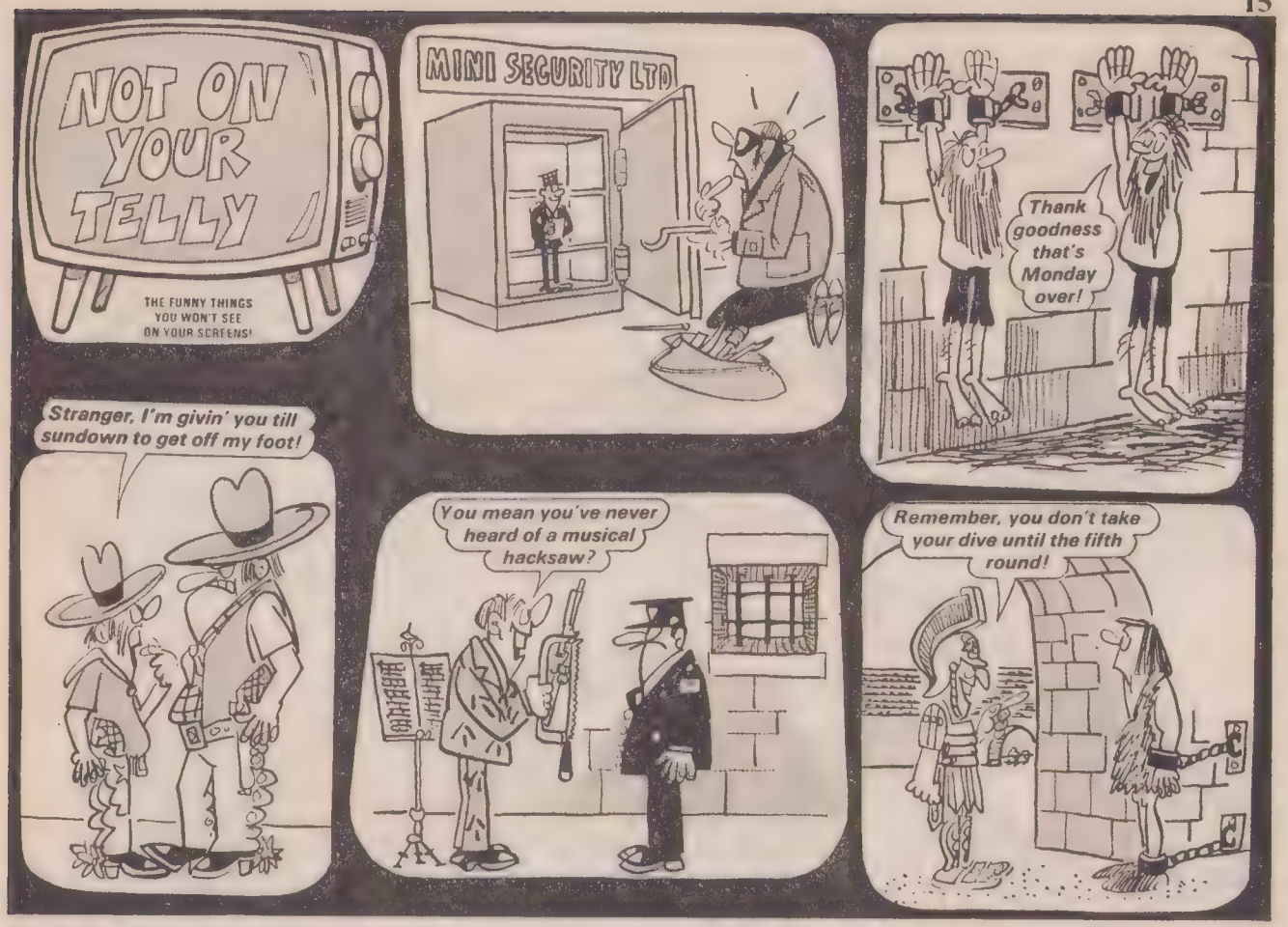
Smashin'!

I prefer to play with the nice little bull!

TICKLE ME TURNIPS! Ferdinand's the wildest bull in the county.

But not as wild as our Daisy.

NTY. 1.9.84


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
MINI SECURITY LTD
Thank goodness that's Monday over!
Stranger, I'm givin' you till sundown to get off my foot!
You mean you've never heard of a musical hacksaw?
Remember, you don't take your dive until the fifth round!

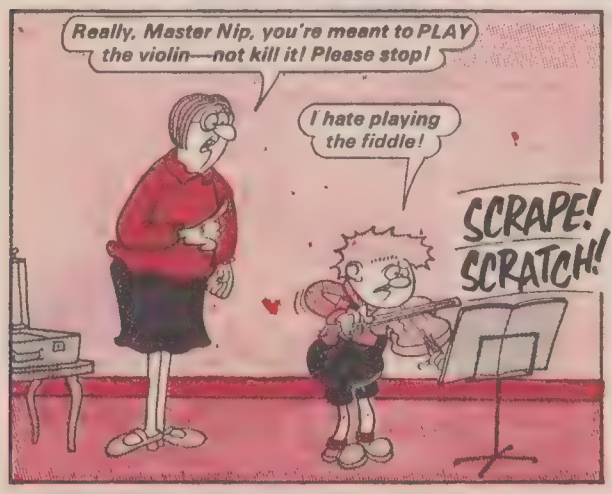
NTY. 1.9.84

THE PICK OF THE BUNCH
BANANAMAN
ANNUAL 1985
96 FULL-COLOUR PAGES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE TV HERO
PLUS A HOST OF HILARIOUS BADDIES
GENERAL BLIGHT...
CAPTAIN CREAM...
WEATHERMAN...
AUNTIE...
THE HEAVY MOB...
NOW ON SALE
Price £1.20

THIS WEEK-
GENERAL BLIGHT
TCH! I've tried everything to harm Bananaman—
—Except sorcery!
Fancy helping me to defeat Bananaman, you old witch?
That's no way to talk to a nice old lady!
—But I'm not a nice old lady so I'll help you!
ERK! Don't put that in here. The roses are OUTSIDE!
SLUP!
No, you unshaven sheep-shearer this is clay. I'm going to make a life-sized model of Bananaman.
There! Now let me yell a spell!
The rain in Spain
Falls mainly on the plain,
Not only that,
But Bananaman will be in pain!
There, wherever you stick a pin in the model, the real Bananaman will feel the pain!
PINS
Brilliant.
JAB
This'll do for starters!
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN -
YEEARGH! My botty bone!
NTY. 1.9.84

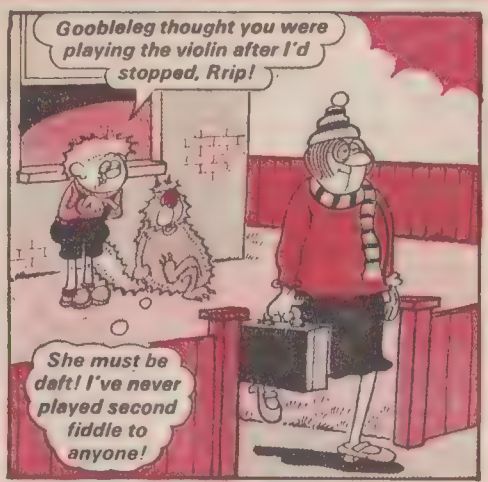
You've heard of tie-pins, Readers. Well this is a THIGH-PIN!
EEARGH!
Who NOSE what this will do?
JAB
BOO-HOO! I've been attacked by a plague of invisible bees!
Ho-Ho! What fun! I'm off to get some knitting-needles! They'll be really sore!
CLICK
BUT, PRESENTLY
OOPS! What've I done?
BLIGHT'S ASSISTANT
SHPLAT!
CLICK
HMM! Must have been a figure of General Blight. He's got statues of himself all over the place!
I'd best remodel it before Blight finds out!
Now to stick the pins in so that Blight doesn't notice the difference!
BUT BLIGHT IS NOTICING THE DIFFERENCE!
OOH! AARGH! YELP! ME WANTS ME MUMMY!
NTY. 1.9.84

NIP and RRIP


Really, Master Nip, you're meant to PLAY the violin—not kill it! Please stop!
I hate playing the fiddle!
SCRAPE! SCRATCH!

I said 'stop', Master Nip! I've had enough torture for one day!
But it isn't me, Miss Goobleleg! It must be playing itself!
SCRAPE! SCRATCH!

That's where the noise is coming from—Rrip's licking his paws!
SCRAPE! SCRAPE!
Well, he's more in tune than you were!


Goobleleg thought you were playing the violin after I'd stopped, Rrip!
She must be daft! I've never played second fiddle to anyone!

Anyway how come you were making such a racket with your tongue?
Cauth my thungue ith rough! Looth!

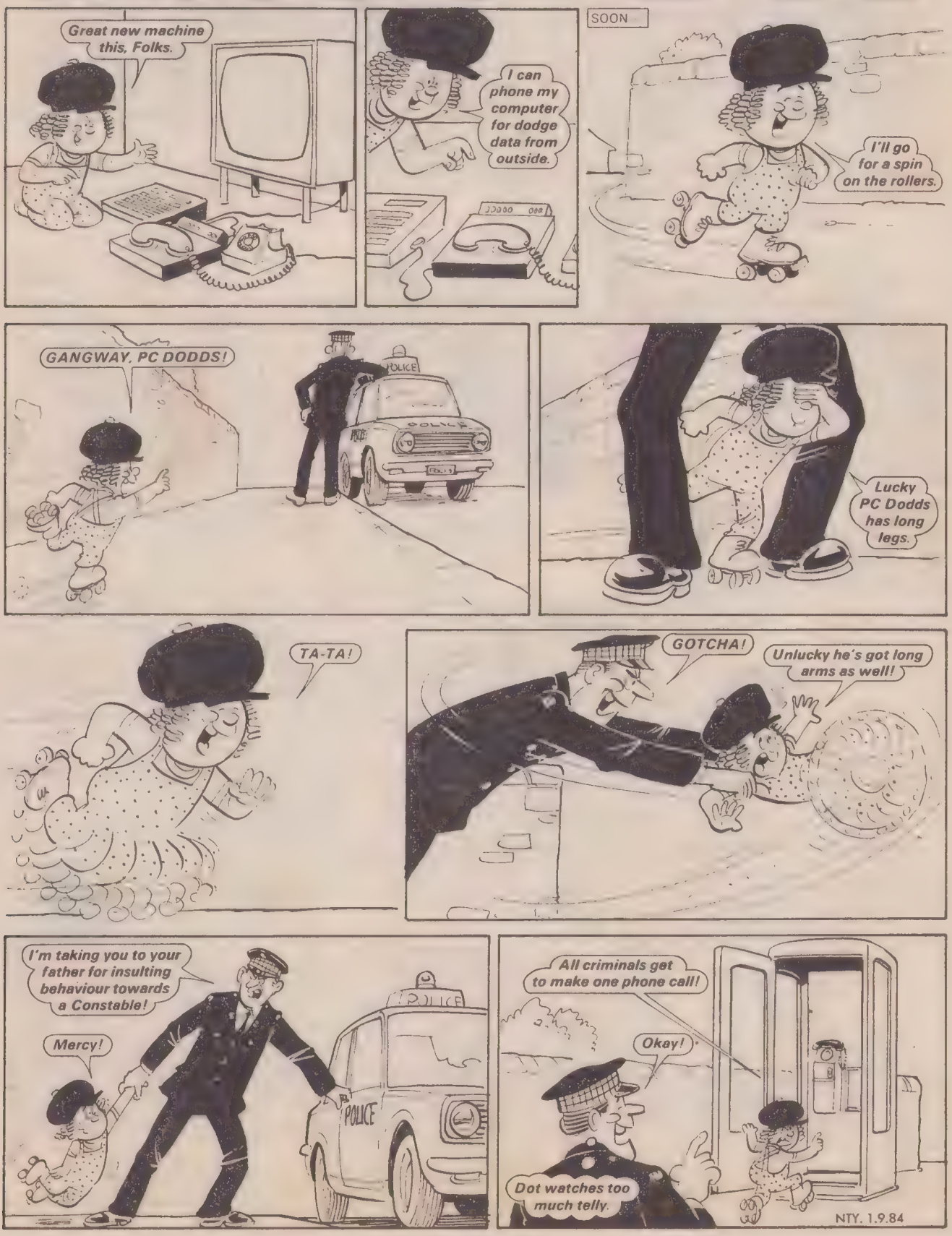
Hold it right there, Rrip! I'll be back in a jiffy!
Donth be lonth! Thith ainth comforthable!

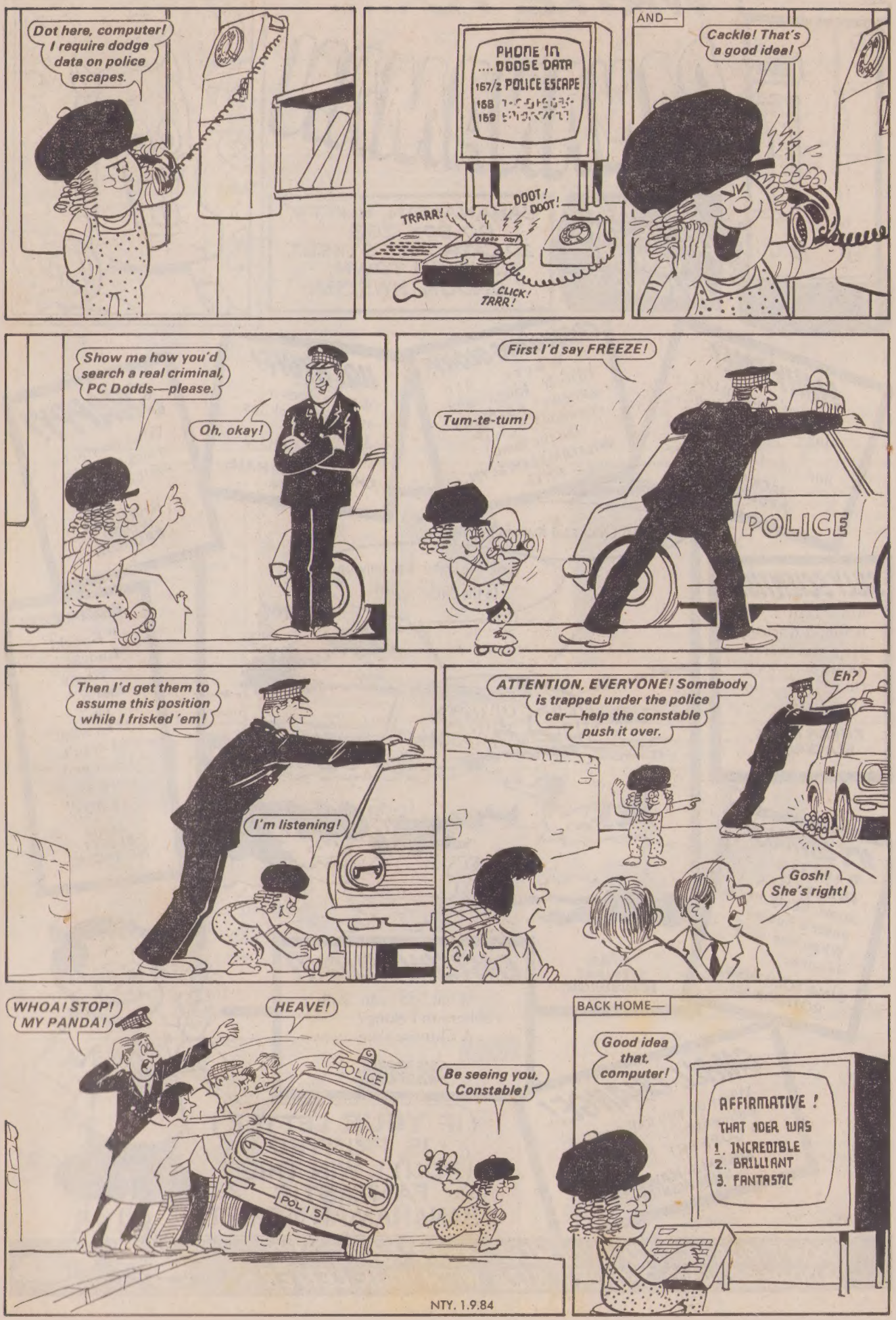
My old golf ball's needing licking into shape and your tongue will do the job!
Eh?

It's working fine!
SCRAPE! SCRAPE!
NTY. 1.9.84

C'mon, Rrip! Now we've got a ball all we need is—
What?
The clubs! You can be my caddy— or how's about catty?
Very witty, Masster!
This is the first hole, Rrip! It's a bit rough but it'll do!
I think I'll need a driver here!
Now he wants a CHAUFFEUR!
I can't find a tee!
There's none in here either!
How's this for a tee, Masster?
That's excellent, Rrip, a bit rough but . . .
I've hooked it!
I thought we were golfing, not fishing!
It's in the rough, Rrip! Give me a nine iron!
I don't have a nine, how's about a steam-iron? MYUK! MYUK!
OH-OH!
I've opened Mum's window without using the handle.
TINKLE! SMASH!
NTY. 1.9.84
What have I told you? Wait till your father gets home! And another thing . . .
READER'S VOICE
It's been a ROUGH day for Nip and Rrip and now they're getting the ROUGH edge of Mum's tongue!

MICRO DOT


Great new machine this, Folks.
I can phone my computer for dodge data from outside.
SOON
I'll go for a spin on the rollers.
GANGWAY, PC DODDS!
POLICE
Lucky PC Dodds has long legs.
TA-TA!
GOTCHA!
Unlucky he's got long arms as well!
I'm taking you to your father for insulting behaviour towards a Constable!
Mercy!
POLICE
All criminals get to make one phone call!
Okay!
Dot watches too much telly.
NTY. 1.9.84


Dot here, computer! I require dodge data on police escapes.
PHONE IN .... DODGE DATA
157/2 POLICE ESCAPE
TRARA!
DOOT! DOOT!
CLICK! TRRR!
AND—
Cackle! That's a good idea!
Show me how you'd search a real criminal, PC Dodds—please.
Oh, okay!
First I'd say FREEZE!
Tum-te-tum!
POLICE
Then I'd get them to assume this position while I frisked 'em!
I'm listening!
ATTENTION, EVERYONE! Somebody is trapped under the police car—help the constable push it over.
Eh?
Gosh! She's right!
WHOA! STOP! MY PANDA!
HEAVE!
POLICE
POLIS
Be seeing you, Constable!
BACK HOME—
Good idea that, computer!
AFFIRMATIVE !
THAT IDEA WAS
1. INCREDIBLE
2. BRILLIANT
3. FANTASTIC
NTY. 1.9.84

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN

SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

FISHY TALE!

What's the fastest thing on the riverbed? A motor-PIKE and side-CARP!

JACK GRAY, ADDLESTONE.

CROWNING GLORY!

Where are British kings and queens normally crowned?

On the head!

WILLIAM LLEWELYN, RHYL.

HOT STUFF!

Where does a monkey cook his toast?

Under a GRILLa!

CHRISTOPHER HALL, WIGAN.

SNAPPY!

What do you call a sick crocodile?

An ILLigator!

NICHOLAS WOOD, BROUGH.

SILLY SCIENTIST!

My dad's a brilliant doctor. He's discovered a cure for which there is no known disease!

KIERAN DAVIS, BLACKROCK.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Knock! Knock!"
"Who's there?"
"Ya."
"Ya who?"
"I didn't know you were a cowboy!"

SEAN BLUETT, NORFOLK.

IT'S OBVIOUS!

When is a shaggy dog most likely to enter a house? When the door is open.

GINA TOMLINSON, ROTHERHAM.

RYAN STEWART, EDINBURGH.

EASTERN DELIGHT!

What do you call a robbery in Peking? A Chinese take-away!

ASIF KIBRIA, BRADFORD.

SMALL CHANGE!

What do you call a metal policeman? A COPPER!

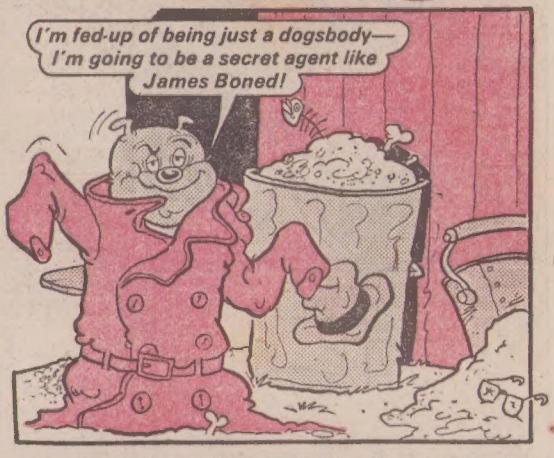
SIMON S. HAWORTH, SHREWSBURY.

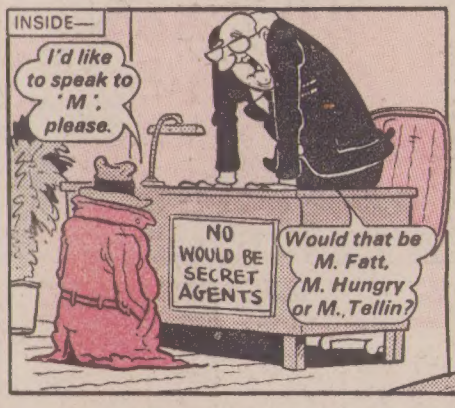
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

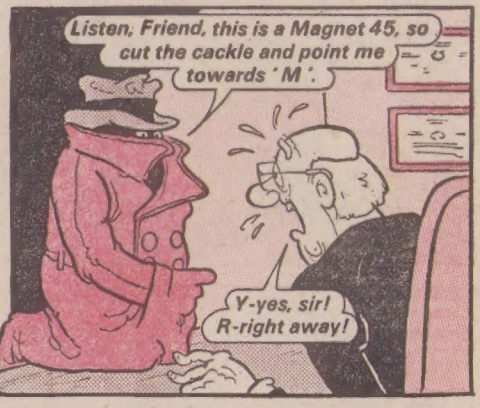
NTY. 1.9.84

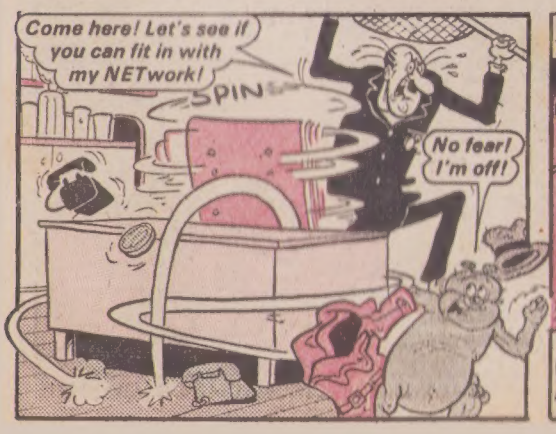
DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

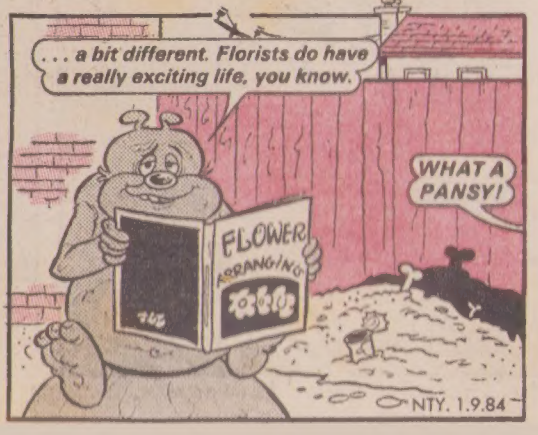
THE WILD ROVERS

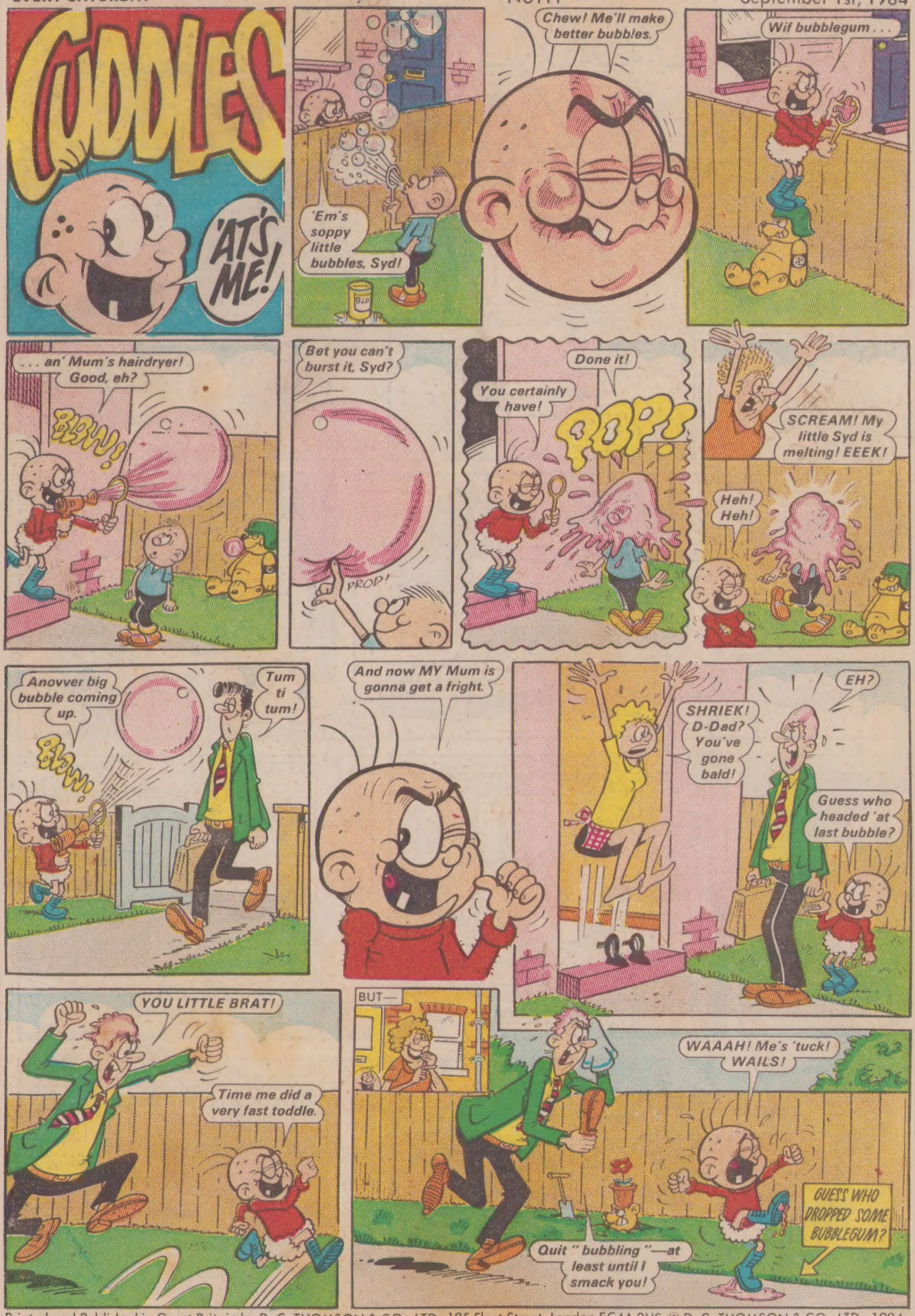











CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
'Em's soppy little bubbles, Syd!
Chew! Me'll make better bubbles.
Wif bubblegum . . .
. . . an' Mum's hairdryer! Good, eh?
BLOW!
Bet you can't burst it, Syd?
PROD!
Done it!
You certainly have!
POP!
SCREAM! My little Syd is melting! EEEK!
Heh! Heh!
Anovver big bubble coming up.
BLOW!
Tum ti tum!
And now MY Mum is gonna get a fright.
SHRIEK! D-Dad? You've gone bald!
EH?
Guess who headed 'at last bubble?
YOU LITTLE BRAT!
Time me did a very fast toddle.
BUT—
WAAAH! Me's 'tuck! WAILS!
GUESS WHO DROPPED SOME BUBBLEGUM?
Quit " bubbling "—at least until I smack you!

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1984.